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# Being Gertrude Smith



# Chapter 1 by Breyanna Weekly

"Ok. Anytime you're ready!"

I nod and take a step back as I collect my thoughts. I take a deep breath and notice an empty seat at the judges table. I shrug it off and begin to recite my lines, "To be or--"

Wait is that....Thomas?! He ambles into the room with his perfectly coiffed hair and leather jacket hanging off his shoulder. He proceeds to sit in the empty judges chair. I can my armpits starting to burn, but I try to continue and ignore the fact that bile was rising up my throat.

"...that is.... That is the questi--"

"Sorry I'm late." he chimes in. I nearly die.

I have been in love with this boy since 2nd grade!

I left all my pencils at home every day for a year just so I could ask to borrow his. I never sharpen them as not to ruin the authenticity-- I just keep them in a box.... UNDER MY BED!

I cant finish my lines! Not with him here!

"Uhm," Thomas glances down at my headshots. "Miss Smith? You can continue anytime."

I tried to talk, but my stomach had other plans.

Chapter 2 by Lizabeth Sche



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"Pahahahaha!" I heard someone cackle echo through the black box.

"You broke the stairs!"

A boy said.

"Yeah... Good job Gertie." Another voice chimed in.

I collected my thoughts and observed my surroundings. I noticed I was on the ground, my shoes were disgusting, and for some reason, I couldn't feel my left hand.

I looked down to see it was still gripping the broken stair rail. My knuckles were completely white. I let go and felt the blood flowing back to my fingers. And the last screw that was holding the rail up gave way.

## BANG

It fell to the floor.

So now, I've successfully vomited, tripped and fell down the stairs, and BROKEN the stair rail.... All in front of Thomas. I have definitely reached my all time low.

I quietly exited the theatre with my hands to my side. Walking carefully so I wouldn't fall, but quickly so I wouldn't die of embarrassment.

I felt my eyes filling with tears and tried wiped them away, but ended up poking myself in the eye.

"Ow!" I sighed and slapped a hand over my now irritated eyeball.

I guess, covering my eye impaired my vision, and I didn't see the side theatre entrance door fly open!

It hit me in the face....

I lied earlier.... NOW I have reached my lowest.

Chapter 1 by Gertrude Smith

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I scrambled to my feet and used my hands to my head. I inwardly regretted

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"I can do what I need to do. It's not that bad."

"I can do what I need to do. It's not that bad."

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